

ADVANCE

Dec 76?

The Decree
of Civilization
in a Society
of Beasts
and Prisoners.

N₂

EDITOR:

BRUCE BEECHNER

ASST. EDITOR

NICHOLAS PADULA

CONTRIBUTING TO THIS MONTHS " ADVANCE "

Back Cover Design--Karl Rowlee

Ron VanDree

"Skip" Hewston

Jack Hagan

Bill Hutton

Front Cover and Cartoons by/ Padula.

The "ADVANCE" is published by the Inmates of the Joyceville Institution at Kingston, Ontario.

Opinions expressed herein are those of the Author indicated and do not always agree with those of the Advance Staff or the Administration.

We of the Advance, try to provide a means of communication between the Inmates of Joyceville Institution and the Administration, as well as the General Public. Our aim is to provide an outlet for expression of ideas and concepts and attempt to inspire and encourage creativity from our readers.

Reprinting of any articles contained herein is granted, providing that credit is given to the Author and this Publication.

ADDRESS ALL ENQUIRES TO:

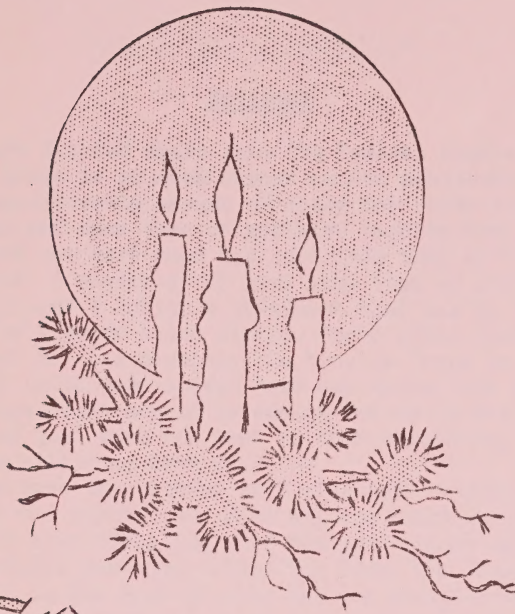
THE EDITOR:

ADVANCE

P.O.BOX 880

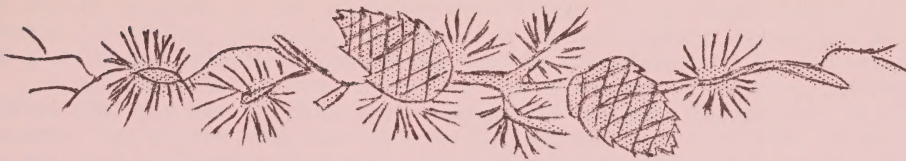
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

K7L 4X9



Merry
Christmas

Bruce and Nick



ADVANCE

Editorial

Inquires have started again into the Federal Penitentiary System, partly to find out why there is so much unrest in the penitentiaries today. It cost the taxpayer a considerable amount of money for these inquiries, so surely the taxpayer's should get some type of positive results from it. There has been many inquiries, and not very much has come from them as most recommend changes have been scrapped. I wonder if it isn't time that we changed the method of handling the inquiries? I notice a statement that was in the paper where one of the members of the inquiry board stated. Quote after just visiting one of the penitentiaries that has had considerable trouble there in the last year, his statement was " I could have stayed home and wrote this report from my office.

That statement alone should be enough for us to realize that this inquiry is being conducted just like the rest of them have been, and very little if anything positive will come from it.

We in Canada have the highest rate of people incarcerated in North America, based on our population. With all the money spent on all the new programs that have been instilled into the penitentiary system, we should be getting better results somewhere along the line. The Staff in the penitentiary system has doubled in the last 10 yrs, yet our recidivism rate climbs higher and higher. Now it's only natural, that if our recidivism rate is high, that there are many inmates that have seen all these changes in the last 20 yrs and even the inmates wonder why the system is such a failure. We read in the papers about rehabilitation that goes on in the penitentiary system, yet we ourselves don't see where, and where not guilable enough to believe it.

The inquiry board that is visiting the various prisons across Canada would get a much broader view if they would hold these inquiries with the presents of the institutional department heads, and members of the inmate population to - gether. And then discuss the problems openly. Would it really hurt to throw a few of the directives on the table and discuss them, It might be interesting to know if the staff understand all the directives that are sent to them, or if the inmates interpret them wrong. Clearing this matter up would certainly take a lot of the unrest out of the institutions to-day. Maybe then the inmate would get a chance to see just what if anything is being done to help him back on the road to rehabilitation. Most inmates realize that the rehabilitation factor has to come from themselves, but we would also like to know, how much if any help we should be given if our interests are to stay out of these places. We feel that a lot of the problem's that exist in the penitentiary system are made through lack of communication between the various divisions of the penitentiary system,

A good example of this comes from the directives on parole. The parole states that you are eligible for a day parole one year before your regular parole date. Yet we see many men not even let out the door on T.A.P. to try and set up any type of program that would be acceptable to the parole board. So therefore in 8 out of 10 cases they get an automatic bump till there regular parole date. And in a lot of cases they still don't get out the door on Temporary Absence programs to set up any type of program that would assist him in preparing his or her case for the parole board. Yet the powers to be state that 40 to 50 percent of inmates shouldn't be here at all. I think that maybe it's about time that the people who design all these various so called programs, that they take a good look at just what is being done in the penitentiary's today, and also it might be a good idea if they remembered that they are not just dealing with a number on a file, but with human being. And this they forget, all too often.

Bruce Beechener

Industries have started again into the Federal Pension System, partly to find out why there is so much unrest in the pensioners today. It costs the taxpayer a considerable amount of money for these industries, so surely the taxpayer should get some type of positive results from it. There has been many industries, and not very much has come from them as most pensioners change. I wonder if it is not the fact that we changed the method of handling the industries? I noticed a statement that was in the paper where one of the members of the industry board stated, "There is a great deal of the pensioners that has had considerable trouble there in the last year, but I could have stayed home and wrote this report from my bed." This statement alone should be enough for us to realize that this industry is being conducted just like the rest of them have been, and very little if anything positive will come from it.

We in Canada have the highest rate of people incarcerated in North America based on our population. With all the money spent on all the new programs that have been installed into the prison system, we should be getting better results somewhere along the line. The Staff in the penitentiary system has doubled in the last 10 years, yet our population with little change and higher. Now it is only natural, that if our population rate is high, that there are many inmates that have been all these changes in the last 10 years and even the inmates wonder why the system is such a failure. We read in the papers about rehabilitation, but the only rehabilitation that is given is to give the inmates a job that is not worth anything, and the inmates would not get a much broader view of the world. The inmates are given a job that is not worth anything, and the inmates are given a job that is not worth anything. The inmates are given a job that is not worth anything, and the inmates are given a job that is not worth anything.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
University of Toronto

to know if the staff the inmates intend to know. Clearing this matter up would certainly take a lot of the inmates out of the institutions today. I hope that the inmates would get a chance to see that what is happening is being done to help him back on the road to rehabilitation. Just inmates realize that the rehabilitation officer was to come from the outside, but we would also like to know, how much it will help we should be given if our inmates are to stay out of these places. We feel that a lot of the problem that exists in the penitentiary system are made through a lack of communication between the various divisions of the penitentiary system.

A good example of this comes from the divisions on parole. The parole states that you are eligible for a day parole before your regular parole is due. Let us now only let out the door on T.A.P. to try and set up any type of program that would be acceptable to the parole board. At three to five out of 10 cases they get an automatic bump still there regular parole date. And in a lot of cases they still don't get out the door on temporary release programs to set up any type of program that would assist him in preparation for his case for the parole board. Yet the powers to be state that 40 to 50 percent of inmates should be here at all. I think that maybe it's about time that the people who design all these various so called programs, that they take a good look at just what is being done in the penitentiary's today, and also if it might be a good idea if they remembered that they are not just dealing with a number on a file, but with human beings. And this they forget, all too often.

"PILOT PROJECT CEREMONIES"

by/ Ron VanBree

No doubt there are many questions in regard to the Pilot Project. I do not have the time nor the articulation to answer all of these questions. If anything, you will probably leave here with more unanswered questions than when you arrived. If I can accomplish this, I will have achieved what I have set out to do. I feel that all of us need ask more questions because we never find answers without them and the answers should come from the same source as the question--within ourselves. All I can do is provide you with something to think about.

Why do we have laws, law enforcers, courts and penal institutions? If we lived in a Utopian society, we'd need only the golden rule. But we don't live in Utopia and we must cope with reality. So let's be realistic about our penal institutions. Basically, we can safely agree that a person is incarcerated because he or she was found guilty of committing a crime. Why do people commit crimes? Again, that is a question that can only be answered from within each individual. Perhaps it was due to lack of respect for others and their property; maybe it was due to an insufficiency of such characteristics as integrity, principles, values, morals, dignity or self-esteem; no feelings of accomplishment. You may answer by saying such individuals are greedy, selfish, impatient, immature, with feelings or apathy towards others. Whatever your solution may be, it doesn't answer the question of why we have penal institutions. "Small-town ignorance" would have us believe penal institutions primary purpose is punishment. Using that ignorance as their basic premise, they conclude that you force an individual to conform. We need only look at the surrender terms which were forced on Germany after the First World War to realize that a Second World War was inevitable. You cannot punish, humble and strip a nation of everything and expect forced conformity to prevail for any great length of time. What has really been achieved if you overcome one monster only to lay the foundation for a more devastating one in the years to follow.

If a person is sent to prison because he lacks the necessary qualities to survive in a complex society, wouldn't it then seem logical that the main purpose of an institution would be to reinforce the good qualities which lie within everyone? What purpose has a penal institution served in our society if it destroys these good qualities within a person and sends him back into society less prepared to cope than prior to his imprisonment? Is it even a wise investment to spend millions of tax dollars annually to keep someone in a penal institution that is not fulfilling its purpose? Would you continue to return your car to the same mechanic if each time it was returned to you even more defective than when you sent it in? I'd want results or my money back! And what about a farmer whose soil is so poor that it fails to produce a crop? Does the farmer let the land waste, or does he fertilize and cultivate the soil until it produces? Perhaps the farmer was attempting to grow bananas on land ideal for corn? I'd suggest it would be a wise move to first discover what good there is in the soil, what it will best produce, and then to cultivate it, planting the seeds which will produce the best results. Sure we are not automobiles, nor are we farm soil, although when I came to prison we were required to wear our licence plate number on our clothing and we were treated like dirt.

You may now be asking what relevance this has to our Pilot Project. If you were incarcerated you'd realize the answer to that question. Of course, every man has his own reason for working in this industrial shop and I can assure you it is not only the money. It's mainly the attitude which accompanies the money-- a man is not deprived of his integrity, dignity or self-respect. He can retain these and other qualities and most importantly, he can reinforce them.

One inmate told me he feels good after completing a productive day's work

in the pilot.

Another fellow told me that when he was released in '72 he fully intended to go to work but on every job application he was required to state previous employment and experience. He was 32 years of age and had not worked since leaving school at the age of 16. He couldn't account for the 16 year gap unless to fill in that he worked in a mailbag repair shop in prison and other such unrelated jobs.

The Movie you watched no doubt provided you with a number of answers so I will not elaborate in that area.

How is the Pilot Project affecting the men who work here? That's a difficult question to answer because it effects different individuals in different ways. One effect I noticed a week or so ago came about when I asked a few of the fellows what they thought about having to work on our committee election day when everyone else had the day off. All the men I asked said they preferred working. Again we see a contradiction to the small town ignorance which states that we are just a bunch of lazy bums who wouldn't work even if given choice employment.

Canada is a young and spunky country. Let's use this youth and guts for a better society. We can be a pace-setter rather than followers. Courage we have plenty of, as is evident from our history. Canadian fighting troops and peace-keeping troops are highly respected around the world. Yet we send more people per capita to prison than any other country. Something is wrong. Recidivism is high. Why? Are your dollars being properly spent? What do you think? Our prison philosophy must be changed and the people incarcerated provided with avenues to best direct their ability and potential.

A composition, regardless of it's word value has no value unless properly punctuated. This Pilot Project is just that, punctuated in our penal system. In What way is it punctuated? Well, in the Penitentiary Act it states that incarcerated individuals are entitled to meaningful employment. This project is meaningful employment to each man working here, meaningful to him.

Someone finally listened to prisoners in their cry for meaningful employment. If there were more people ready and willing to listen we may not find it necessary to search for new locations on which to build more prisons.

How can a project such as this one suffer? It can only suffer from it's success as less men may return to prison once released.

In closing, I'd like to repeat what one inmate said here last year in his advent address, "Every Saint has a past and every sinner a future",

" Thank You. "

(Ed:Note) The article "Pilot Project Ceremonies" was printed in it's entirety of the speech "Ron VanBree" presented to the guests and inmates on November, 26, at the Pilot Project Opening Ceremonies. We of the Advance Staff, thank Ron VanBree for his permission to publish his speech in this months "Advance".

THE UGLY DUCKLING AND THE TIGER

FLORA ANN FAUNA had a figure that, when she convoluted down the street, would stop every male witness from 10 to 100 dead in his tracks. Unfortunately, she had a face that would stop every clock in the block.

Because of this sad combination of features, the few men in Flora Ann's life, rather than seeking her hand in marriage, were interested only in pulling her leg, so to speak. So that, at 26, while often a bridesmaid, she had not yet been a bride made.

But now, tonight, it seemed that long-hungered-for goal might be reached. Here she was, a ravishing Cleopatra, a veritable Venus, dancing dreamily in the eager arms of a true Apollo at the Twelfth Ward Firemen's Annual Masked Ball.

Apollo's breath came hot on her neck. "What's your name, honey?" he begged. Flora Ann smuggled closer, and her breath in his ear was hot too. "Flora Ann," she whispered through her spearmint.

"Did you come to the ball alone?"

"All Alone."

"Well, then, maybe I can see you home after the dance, huh?"

"Maybe," provocatively, "If you're nice to me," exhaling the "nice" into his ear in her most sultry fashion.

Flora Ann felt Apollo's strong right arm tighten around her waist. "I'll be very nice to you, Flora," he panted. "Oh, so very nice."

She fought against a mad impulse to respond to his pressure. "You haven't even told me your name," she pouted.

"Oh," he said, with an apologetic chuckle, "It's Sholes--Herman Sholes. Back home they call me "Muscle."

"Muscle Sholes," Flora Ann murmured. "How cute!"

"Yeah," he agreed, and drew her still closer to demonstrate his right to the name. Thus they danced the night through, each fresh embrace heightening their mutual desire, each exchange of whispers, each little gesture and gyration of their torsos telegraphing a subtle promise of raptures awaiting. Until at last the big clock on the firehouse wall signaled the hour of midnight and time for all the dancers to unmask.

Flora Ann drew back from Apollo, hesitating.

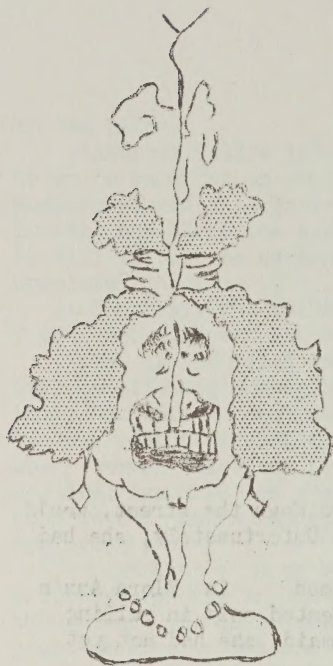
"You first," he suggested.

"No, you," she cried in a sudden panic.

Muscle smiled and, reaching up, ripped off the simple eye mask he was wearing. Flora Ann couldn't keep from gasping. "Oh!" she exclaimed.

"What a handsome hunk of man you are!"

(cont next page)



"FLORA ANN"

Muscle grinned in acknowledgement. "Now, you," he demanded again.

Still she demurred, fearing his reaction when he saw her unmasked.

"Come on," he insisted. "Take it off and let me see what a beauty I've won. Please."

Her hands clung fearfully to her mask, her heart pounding wildly. "You--," she started to say. "you won't--."

Muscle cut her short by reaching up suddenly and tearing off her Cleopatra mask with one quick tug. He took one step backward in frank astonishment, looking like a man who has just been shot.

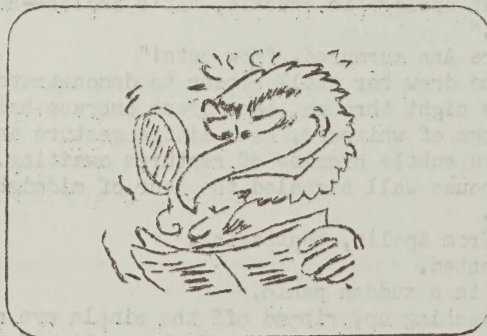
"Jeez!" he said.

She expected Muscle to mumble some excuse, turn abruptly on his heel and leave her standing on the dance floor in front of all those people. That had happened before, with other men. But this time, with this gorgeous specimen of male, she had hoped it would be different. She would have given anything--anything--to have it be different.

(Let us pause here momentarily and reflect upon what you, the reader, would have done under the same circumstances. Would you, having gazed upon so lovely a form and then upon so ugly a face, weighed one against the other, made grudging allowance for the latter, and carried Flora Ann home to your bachelor's couch? Or would you be a cad about it and, discounting the delights offered by the flesh, flee in revulsion from such an ugly face?)

(Which? You Would? Well, take comfort and feel justified.

SO DID MUSCLE SHOES.



If you find mistakes in this publication, please consider that they are there for a purpose. We publish something for everyone, and some people are always looking for mistakes!!!!

TOWN IN A FLAP OVER BIRD SONGS

Lakefield definitely isn't for the birds.

It's one thing that this hamlet about eight miles northeast of Peterboro has an anti-noise bylaw that prohibits driving clattering cars, singing, parading, playing music and repairing motors in the evening hours.

Now it has put the ban on birds singing between 10 p.m. and 8 a.m. for more than 15 minutes at a time.

Lakefield Council Clerk Earle Cuddy, who prepared the bylaw, said he really doesn't have an excuse.

"We've had a problem with barking dogs, so I started listing animals and somehow the word bird crept in and now I think I'm going to be shot before sunrise."

If he is, he won't have to worry about the birds. They do most of their singing in the morning hours.

However, Cuddy did promise he would have the word bird removed from the bylaw next meeting.

"After all, what's a bird to do?"

DOES IT PAY TO ADVERTISE?

A woman, about seven months pregnant, got on a street car and sat down. She noticed a man smiling and, being humiliated, she moved to another seat. This time, his smile turned into a grin. She changed her seat again and still he seemed more and more amused and, when on the fourth change, he burst out laughing, she could bear it no longer, complained to the conductor and had him arrested.

The case came up in Court, and the Judge asked him if he had anything to say. "Well, he replied, it was like this, your Honor, she sat under a sign which read, "Gold Dust Twins are Expected", and I had to smile to myself. Then she sat under a sign which read, "Use Sloans Liniment to reduce the Swelling", and when she placed herself beneath the sign "Williams' Stick did This", I could hardly hold myself; the fourth time she moved and sat below, "Goodyear Rubbers Would have prevented This Accident", I laughed out loud!!

MAD-MAD

If you ever get the urge to eat
peanuts and walk backwards at the
same time, don't do it during a concert
in Green, N.Y.... It's against the law
there.....

And never try on more than six
dresses in one store in Joliet, I'll...
You could go to prison.....

Fast-food operators in Lehigh, Neb,
may not know it but, It's illegal to
sell doughnut-holes in that town....

Sounds like a lot of hot air? Well,
these are just a few of the crazy laws
in America. Most of them date back to
the Horse and Buggy days, but, all of
them are still on the Statute Book....

And no matter how law-abiding you
think you are, chances are you'll break
one of these laws at some time.....

How many women in Memphis, Tenn,
know it's illegal for them to drive a
car unless there's a man walking in
front of them waving a red flag.....

Down in Oklahoma, the law says It's
a crime to get a fish drunk, The State
bans the catching of Whales in it's
inland waters. And Marshalltown, Idaho,
bans horses from eating fire-hydrants...

They will eat a lot of peanuts in
the United States the next four years..
Jimmy Carter has a sale on them...We
got a taste of them a day after the
Election.....

HIGH COST OF SITTING IN JAIL

OTTAWA. The government is spending
\$61,620 on new double-reinforced un-
derwear for prisoners in the Federal
Penitentiaries.

A bulletin by the Department of
Supply and Service shows a contract
has been awarded to Penmans Ltd, of
Montreal to manufacture 56,018 pairs of
underpants reinforced with what the
company calls "Double-Seats."

A company spokesman says, "That's
because the prisoners have to do a lot
of sitting down! "

A California movie-theater company
Marquee recently advertised the follow-
ing double-feature: " THE HAPPY HOOKER,
and YOU'R THREE MINUTES ARE UP!! "

EAGER BEAVER

In an attempt to recapture an
escaped convict, an Arkansas prison
circularized all law enforcement
agencies in the State with " WANTED "
posters offering a reward for his
capture.

"ALLEN BELNAP, alias Albert Bell,
alias Allen Jognsdn," the poster read,
and displayed Belnap's picture in full
face and right and left profiles...

Some time later, the prison re-
ceived a wire from the Sheriff of
Calquhoun County:

" Have Johnson and Belnap locked
up," the wire read, " Am now hot on the
trail of Bell!!! "....

WORLD

by/ padula

HEAP BIG TROUBLE.

Some years ago I attended the Court of the late Magistrate O.M. Martin, a full-blooded Mohawk Indian of the celebrated Six Nations and the first Indian ever appointed to the bench in Canada. An accused was charged with the theft of a pair of pants from a department store. He pleaded guilty, and when his criminal record was produced, it was obvious that he was bent on serving a life sentence on the installment plan.

"You have a bad record here, sir," said his worship. (Martin was a gentleman and always called his customers "sir.")

"Sir, I was framed on all them charges," the accused replied. The police got it in for me, I don't know why."

"But you pleaded guilty, did you not?" said Martin. The accused will go to jail for three months....

As the court officer approached, the prisoner said, "Jeez, imagine that! A white man like me doing time that a bloody redskin says I have to serve!"

Everyone in the courtroom heard it, and so, of course, did Martin.

Just a moment officer, he said. "Please bring that man back."

The prisoner faced the bench again.

"Me Big Chief here," said his worship. "So, paleface, you spend four months in pokey instead of three for bad-mouth talk. You go now, paleface."

AN AGONIZING RE-APPRAISAL

The fellow who says he "works so hard" must be dreaming. Let's figure it out!

Every year has-----365 days.

If you sleep 8 hours a day it equals-----122 "

This leaves-----243 days.

If you rest and relax 8 hours a day it equals-----122 "

This leaves-----121 days.

There are 52 sundays-----52 "

This leaves-----69 days.

Even if you work a half day Saturday, there's still-----26 "

This leaves-----43 days

Assuming you have an hour for lunch, it equals-----28 "

This leaves-----15 days

Two week's vacation equals-----14 "

This leaves-----1 day.

.....and if you don't know how to kill one day, you're working too hard!

" ANY PLACE "

by/Bobby West

I wish my hands could reach across,
The miles of space;
That separate us,
Just to touch your face.....

And I wish my eyes could see,
As far as I would need;
To read you eyes,
To once again see
Your beauty already engraved on my mind....

I guess it doesn't really matter,
Because my heart
Though small it might
Appear to be,
Is big enough,
Is strong enough,
To reach out and touch;
To shorten any distance
Wherever you might be.....

LIE AND THE WHOLE WORLD LIES WITH YOU.

by/ nick padula.

"George Washington said, "I cannot tell a lie...If in fact, he never did tell a lie, and I have my doubts about them, then he is the first man in history with such a consuming passion for honour and truth.

I don't believe him though. I am certain that there were times when George was ready, able and unmitigatedly willing to prosper from a deception.

To illustrate my point, there are, or were at last report, signs all over the original thirteen colonies (now States due to a modest disagreement with king George) commemorating George's somnolent triumphs. A man who slept in so many beds, in so many States/colonies (Choose one), in so short a time; well, it stands to reason that in order for him to cover the territory that he did, he would have to lie in about three and a half beds every night (on an average not to mention the lying he would have to do when he finally got home to Martha... (Martha Washington was Laura Secord's cooking teacher--HISTORY NOTE.) Indeed, this would tend to make George one of the greatest liars/liars (choose one), or both if your not particular) of all times. But I am Disgracing.

George must have thought, as many people do today, that he lived his life on such a grand, sanctimonious scale that he was incapable of uttering an untruth. HORSEFEATHERS! Everybody lies. The great variety of lies prevalent today makes non-participation impossible. The different types of lies range all the way from the little white one to the big black one covering every shade of grey conceivable in between. Some of these lies are good lies, others are not. (Good lies ease suffering; bad ones create it.) But, no matter what the lie, the mightiest lie of all is the silent lie.

The silent lie is the assertion that everything is all right. It is synonymous with apathy. Compared to it, the largest vocal untruth, the blackest statement of deceit, the greatest prevarications of this, or any other are all mild and puny. They cannot hold a candle to the misrepresentations of the silent lie. Compared to it in scope, they are infinitesimal. Their use is restricted. They are only brought out on special occasions, like the dusty family bible.

Not so with the silent lie, which is in constant and vigorous use. We all use it exhaustively; not just the chosen few, every human in God's creation.

I will attempt to back up my philosophy with illustrations. I have chosen two of the biggest of recent years. The first is "BIAFRA". How long did that nation attempt to defend its borders against all odds, before the world took note of its suffering? And did we then believe it? Would we have done anything at all had it not been for a few T.V. cameramen who brought the matter unquestionably to our attention?

And what about the U.S. Military and their strange silence following the massacre of citizens of Viet Nam, would we know of it today, or even care, had it not been for a sargent who couldn't keep his big mouth shut?

This is the one and only weakness of the silent lie. It cannot stand the test of time. There will always be an unreformed truth-monger around to peak through the iron curtain of complacency that it has taken so many of us confirmed liars to erect. If you don't believe me, ask Richard (Tricky-Dick) Nixon.

(cont next page.)

So, Let us all tell the truth for once and admit that we are liars. Let's clear away all of the agonizing doubts we have had in the past. How can a practice that is so universally acceptable be personally disagreeable? The whole world loves a liar; he will always tell them what they want to hear.

As Mark Twain put it, " Why not be honest---and lie every chance we get?"

HOW TO BE POPULAR IN PRISON.

Cry on everybody's shoulder. Why should you do your own time. Your neighbor won't mind doing it for you...much.
The world is wrong; you're right. Advertise the fact often and loud and you'll attract...flies.
Never fail to say something bad about the other fellow. You're audience, if any, will know it's their turn next.
Put in for an interview every two or three days. The officials will appreciate your nuisance value. And your fellow inmates will know you're a good-fellow to stay away from.
Leave five or six slices of bread on the table. Your neighbor will get them second hand next meal. He'll like that.
Never fail to have a good beef on tap. Spring it at every opportunity. Your neighbor will want to pat you on the back..with a spade. Cry hard.
Don't tell the truth to anybody..ever. Tell them what you had and what you were outside. The fellows will be sorry that you're here..you clutter up, the place.
Whistle early in the morning and off key. What your neighbor wishes you shouldn't happen to a dog.
Never fail to scrape your bucket or chain on the floor. The man below you will know that you were raised in a barn.
Never fail to tell all and sundry how smart you are. They'll never know the difference... the dopes.
Be different. Don't conform to the rules. You can have your company redhot all the time. Everybody'll wish you were in...well, not here.
Don't do your share of work. Let the other fellow "carry" you. Serves him right... the dummy.
Never give your neighbor a smile or a decent word. Snarl and snap. He'll be able to guess your ancestry right away.
Don't keep your cell clean. After all it's your castle; you should be comfortable...and so should your livestock.
Be sure to bob up and down in your seat when attending any of the shows. This will greatly endear you to those located behind.
Skip a bath whenever possible. It'll make you strong.

The numerous rights guaranteed all citizens by the constitution are considered by the police to be safeguards only for the innocent. Some of the police reject the fact that these rights were established for the protection of the guilty and the apparently guilty as well.

(Quentin Reynolds)



BIG BIRD

" The following tale, is true. Unbelievable as it may seem, one of our brothers actually experienced the risk of being declared insane. We regret that we must keep his identity "Anonymous."

(ED)

Big Bird

The following tale is a true rendition, which embodies deeds of daring, ingenuity plans gone astray and an element of insanity. The time is late June, 1974. The place is Grimsby, Ontario, at number 6 Elm Street, only one block removed from Main Street, in this thriving metropolis. The cast consists of a stalwart band of six alcoholics and myself.

The band has been gathering in the living-room since ten o'clock in the forenoon. The drink of the day is Jordan Branvin, 571-B, a reliable alcoholic staple, and every one is starting to become slightly retarded.

The afternoon has been spent solving the problems of the world, and enlightening each other on the various charms of the local ladies of sport. Now that all of the trivia has been taken care of, we finally arrive at a more profound subject. Namely, "How do we antagonize the local Gestapo without getting pinched?"

Various plots and plans are forwarded, and each is scrutinized diligently, and then re-examined for all of its faaws and merits. Finally the moment of decision is reached and a vote is taken. The vote is unanimous. My plan is approved. I am happy.

The plan itself is quite simple. Someone will be disguised as a bird. He will sit in the cherry tree on the front lawn. It will cause a sensation. The local Gestapo will be upset. They will be unable to arrest anyone because the event is happening on private property, and not hurting anyone. So, all told, it is a plan that is simple, safe, and sensational. At least that is the concensus reached by my fellow conspiritors.

Now, the next step is to choose somebody to become "Big Bird". The logical way is to have another vote, and so another vote is taken. Just like the first time, the vote is unanimous. I am elected. I will be big bird. I am unhappy. However, being a believer in democratic principles I decided to abide by the wishes of the majority. I can't very well do anything else. I am in a state of shock.

Being the official leader of my flock, I arise and proceeded into the kitchen, dutifully escorted by the swine who elected me. Here a mixing bowl and a dozen eggs are produced. The eggs are mixed in the bowl, and I undress down to my jockey-shorts.

From the kitchen the trail leads to the back door, and out behind the garage. Here my retinue all pitch in and cover me from the top of my head to the bottom of my tootsies with nice gooey eggs. After this procedure is completed, they proceed with the next stage of operations, which is the ripping asunder of a feather pillow, and the last part of the disguise is applied. First I am showered with feathers and then dabbed and patted with feathers. After a carefull check, everyone agrees that I look truly marvellous. The disguise is now complete. I am Big Bird. I am a turkey.

Someone holds a mirror in front of me so that I also can see the end result. I look into the mirror. Then I really look into the mirror. I think this is the end. It reminds me of the second coming. Its true, but hard to believe. Only five minutes ago, I had been an average type human. Now I look like an ostrich abortion that forgot to die.

I am now abandoned by my flock as they proceed to the safer recesses of the house, to toast a job well done, and watch the show through the windows. I sneak to the front of the house. I look around and the coast is clear. In a flash, and a cloud of feathers, I am at the base of the cherry tree and climbing. Soon I am safely ensconced on a branch, and looking around me I utter a fervent prayer "Lord, please don't let the Humain Society hear about this, or all will be lost."

For five minutes I stay perched in my tree. Nothing happens. Then I spy two baby humans proceeding down the sidewalk towards me. I wait til they are directly beneath me and then I do my first and finest imitation of an eagle. I sound like a demented hen. Immeadiatly four tiny eyes gaze up into my tree. Also, immeadiatly four tiny legs start moving for the safety of the building across the street.

Soon there are a dozen eyes peering peering up at me. Then hundreds, and finally thousands, just dumbfounded at the new eighth wonder of the world. I have an instant

fan club. My instant fan club is causing a traffic jam. In a few minutes the gendarmies arrive at the scene. They analyze the situation and ask me what I am doing. I laugh. They agree that I am crazy.

Now they are standing about fifteen feet away and discussing the situation. I hear the sergeant give an order to call the fire department and get a ladder to the scene. I start to become apprehensive. The plot is not unfolding according to plan. I decide to escape.

In a flash I am down out of the cherry tree and fleeing through the orchard behind the house. I hear the roar of the crowd behind me and know that the pursuit is on. Gazing back through a cloud of feathers I see a posse of the local gendarmies hot upon my trail.

I become trapped in a corner of the orchard and have to double back. I slink through the underbrush and burst from cover. The trap snaps shut. Big Bird is captured. Big Bird will have some explaining to do.

The gendarmies escort me back to their cruiser at arms length. I look like a natural disaster area. They look like loosers in a cock-fight. I am taken to their headquarters and left in the Bird Cage while they go to consult with their chief. I sit. I wait, I laugh. The inside of the cruiser looks as if it has gone through a riot in a large hen house.

Everyone in the station comes to take a look at me for themselves. They come, they look, they point, they shake their heads, they ooh and ah, and then they go away. Soon my captors return and I am driven away. I am not long in doubt. We stop at the General Hospital Emergency entrance and two nurses bring out a wheel chair. I get out of the cruiser. They jump. I laugh. One nurse keeps saying "Oh my God, Oh my God" I say "nope, just one of your fine feathered friends."

I am wheeled into the emergency waiting room. People are sitting around all mangled and mauled. They look at me. I look at them. They go into a state of shock. I go into a state of hysterical laughter. I am wheeled through the waiting room and into an examination room. Behind me I leave a wide trail of feathers. I seem to be moulting.

I am strapped onto a table with a giant light above it. In a few minutes a doctor comes in and starts to ask questions which I do not answer. I am still having my fits of the laughs. His diagnosis is swift. Insane. His treatment is also swift. Commit to the Bug Yard. Big Bird is in trouble. In fact Big Bird is shafted.

Now things happen quickly. I am removed from the table and taken into a small washroom. A hose is turned on me and the feathers fly. Next I am dumped into a tub and stiff brushes are applied to me. In short order I am de-feathered. I am also de-hided. Next I am dressed in pajamas and wheeled to the puzzle factory portion of the hospital. Here its a double needle in the buns, and then oblivion.

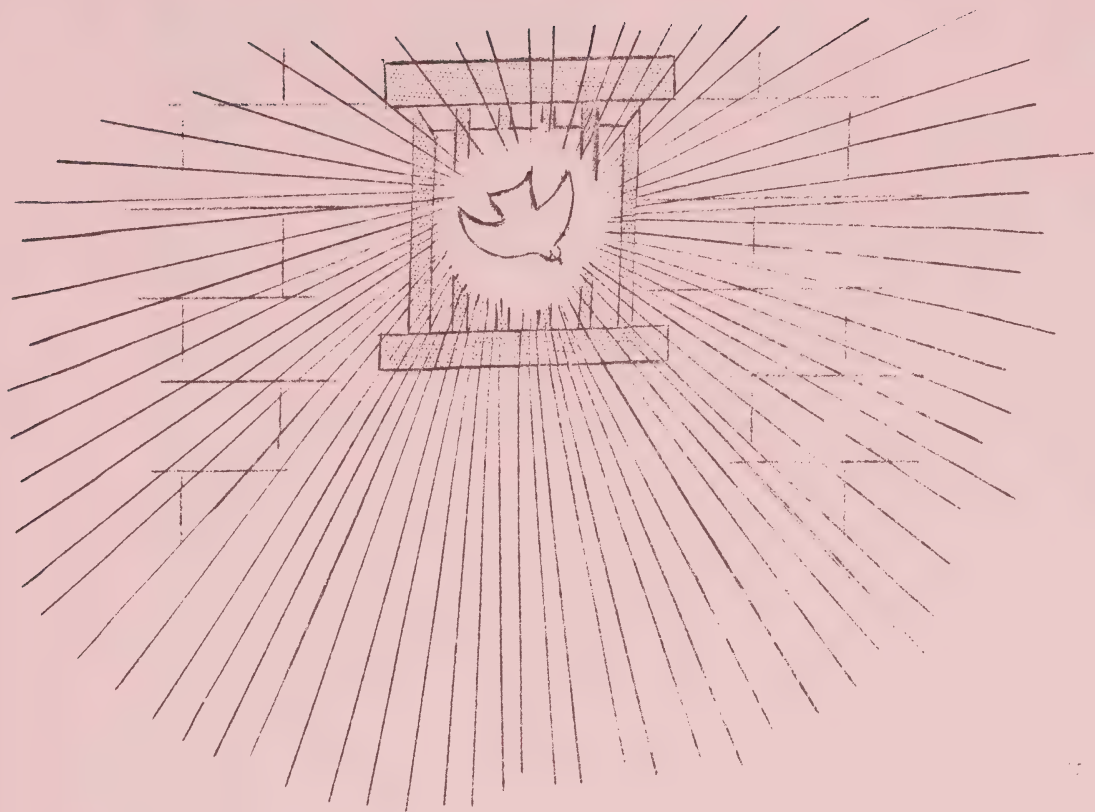
I awake in the morning and look around me. Recollection returns and with it a giant handover. I begin to worry. Explanations will be required. For ten days I am left alone, and this is good. My little pea brain has conjured up the perfect explanation. I await the shrink with confidence.

At last, the big day arrives, and the moment of truth. I am in the shrinks office. He faces me. I face him. He says explain. I explain.

I tell him about Jonathon Livingstone Seagull, and how his spirit was being crushed by the stupidity of this world. How he learned to fly so high and so fast that he broke out of the third dimension and into the fourth, thus achieving complete freedom of the spirit. I explain how I also wanted to attain this unshackling of the soul. He says "Great, but why the feathers?" I answer " Any fool knows you can't fly without feathers." He throws me out.

I am free. Big Bird is free. Big Bird lives for evermore (in retirement)

-Anonymous-



THERE IS NOT ENOUGH DARKNESS
IN ALL THE WORLD
TO KEEP OUT THE ONE
TRUE LIGHT!

Songs fill the air at Christmastime.

Across the years, hymns, carols and songs have been mankind's way of expressing the joy of the season. Christmas carols were first sung in the thirteenth century in Italy, then taken to Spain, France, Germany and finally to England by wandering musicians.

The visit of the Magi was a popular theme for the carols, also stories from the Bible or legends from nature. One of the earliest carols "God rest ye merry Gentlemen" dates back to the 1500s' While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night' dates to 1703 and was set to a tune from a Handel opera.

From the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, Christmas Music found a particular eager audience in Germany. Martin Luther, who believed music was a form of worship, helped to encourage the composition and performance of Christmas hymns. Luther himself wrote the words for "Away in a Manger".

In America, the composition of carols began to flourish during the 1800s, and three favourite carols sung today are from that period. "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear" was written by the Rev. Edmund H. Sears (1813-1870) as a poem. It was later set to music. "We Three Kings" was first published in 1859, Rev. John Henry Hopkins, Jr, wrote both the words and the music. "O Little Town of Bethlehem" was written by Bishop Phillips Brooks in 1868, as an expression of his feelings after a visit to Bethlehem.

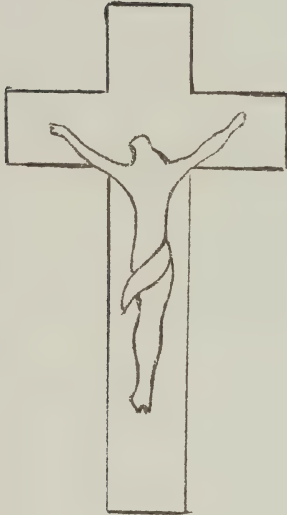
The little town of Bethlehem is where Christmas all began. The little town was the scene of God's greatest gift to man, His beloved Son, the gift of gifts.... To Bethlehem came the Angels with the glad message: "Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord "Luke 2:10,II. To Bethlehem came Jesus Christ the Gift above all other gifts. A poet has eloquently expressed what this gift represents to all men:

"Only a child---God's Christmas Gift
Heralded by a star
But a light was lit in the
dust of the years
And the rays have shone afar
And ever in faith when the
eyes of men
Behold his star in the night,
Their steps are turned to
the way again
And they find in Christ
their Light.

My prayer is that this Christmas season may be rich in the realization of God's gift to you and joyous in the presentation of your gift to Him.

God bless you all.....

(Captain) Harry Hickson
Chaplain: The Salvation Army



Jean Vanier say's, "Our hearts are made for the fiesta..for celebration."

In his community homes for the mentally handicapped adults,"coffee house gathering's take place several times a week--People from the outside community join in song, laughter and pantomime, and discover that the spirit of the wounded is less inhibited, more free, often than the "normal", however that "norm" is measured. Who else but Jean Vanier would rally human and material resources to provide his "wounded" with an annual pilgrimage or festival of joy to provide an experience of fiesta and celebration which would warm their hearts for all the years ahead!

A few years ago I was attending a conference at Ottawa University and on Sunday morning I accidentally found myself with a group of university students. I was greeted with,"what season is in your heart?" I responded, "Spring!" and was given a corsage--a twig with bits of bright red wool tied attractively on it. The winter hearts were white; autumn, brown and summer, green.

The Christ-event which is the heart of Christmas may not be an interior reality for all right now. Someone said that when He enters our lives we must react--either by being glad, sad or mad. It is understandable that in a prison setting. Christmas may well be a time of poignant pain. Men have sometimes shared how they have braved it--some by sleeping through it. Last year some men went beyond their own pain, to reach out to others and helped to make it as good a day as possible--and I have known a few who have discovered the real miracle of the promise of Christmas in their own lives.

May the Spirit behind the spirit of Christmas ease the season within your heart this Christmas in Joyceville and give you the hope that the fiesta spirit in the years to come will be all the more precious.

God love (s) you!

Sister Marguerite.



Chaplain "Mitch" Mitchell's

Christmas Message
entitled

"MINE EYES HAVE SEEN YOUR SALVATION"

Last Night at our Monday evening program with outside volunteers from Queen's University, we sang and read. I also read a letter from a man in prison. He was a Christian, named Dietrich Bonhoeffer, who had been imprisoned by the Nazis.

He found prison hard and confining. Yet, at the same time, he was able to the real meaning of Christmas there, which he had never found before. What is the real meaning? The Gospel of John expresses it by saying: "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."

Meaning that according to law none of us can be innocent. We are all lawbreakers, including you and me; even the most respected citizen. So who can be saved? We all need mercy and grace, which can only come from someone from outside who will break the chains which are imprisoning the human race.

God did come from outside into our human race. He didn't come in a jet plane, or with a band playing, but in the same way you and I came: "Born of a woman" who happened to be the lovely Mary. He was Jesus, whom we can trust like no other. (Mine Eyes Have Seen Your Salvation.)

(My prayer this Holiday Season, is for each man here and his Family, a Blessed Christmas and Happy New Year in Christ.)

Chaplain: "Mitch" Mitchell.

BEYOND MAN'S KNOWLEDGE THERE LIE'S?



by/ nicholas padula

Early in the morning the alarm was sounded in the town as first warning of the approaching danger was received from an aerial observer. The banshee wailing of the community warning signal sent a collective chill of stark terror down the spines of the inhabitants and spurred them to frenzied action.

Abruptly, the business of the new day ceased and a strange form of activity commenced. The more populated section of the town rapidly became deserted as the worried population hurriedly vacated their work areas and fled to places of safety in the surrounding suburbs.

Rushing to their dwellings, or even to strange homes, the inhabitants of the town prepared awkward fortifications of piled debris, soil, and stones, and feverishly attempted to seal up the doors and other openings against the outside air. Hastily they transferred supplies of food to the cellars and other places which they felt were the least vulnerable to the impending attack. And in these lower floors and other places they hid in corners seeking refuge; they sat silently and waited, not knowing what else to do.

Stillness pervaded the town, and the streets, like bloodless arteries, were entirely deserted. Pieces of debris drifted along the main thoroughfare on the

warm breath of a strong Autumn breeze; a wind which carried with it the dank smell of fear. In the sky, blue and clear, the benevolent sun flared brightly, but the terror-stricken inhabitants stared unseeing at the ground and did not notice the sky or the sun.

Parents fidgeted like nervous youngsters and the youngsters regarded their parents with growing apprehension and tensed for some kind of strange and dangerous incident. The elders were acutely aware of the danger they faced, their hearts beat wildly as they frantically dragged more and more debris to close off all the openings in their dwellings. They did not want that silent vaporous enemy to seep into their midst and wipe them out of existence. The knowledge of what the warning signal meant was uppermost in all their minds. It was too definite, too irrefutable; it meant that many of them would soon die. Some of their youngsters would also die, and no amount of preparation, no barrier of hastily piled rubble, would prevent this from happening. The acrid smell of fear quickly thickened and began to nauseate them in close quarters of their hiding places.

(cont. next page.)

The warning signal ceased to wail; the sky darkened and the sun disappeared, the attack was underway!

A terrible concussion suddenly rocked the town and the world seemed to explode, disintegrate and disappear. Then followed the shrieking winds tearing homes apart and leaving death and destruction in their wake. Sheets of blinding white dust swept down upon the remains of the town. Gigantic structures shook and quavered in the gale, before crumbling and succumbing to the onslaught. Piles of rubble, which moments before had been their homes, formed dykes and islands in the streets and refuse fell as thick as hailstones from the sky.

The wind screamed over the stricken community and the outlying districts as it cut a swath of destruction and murder across the earth. It vanished as suddenly as it had come. Only moments had elapsed between the initial wave of horror and the great death-dealing blow.

Eventually, the sky once again became clear and blue; the sun returned and flared benevolently from the heights. The air was warm, but still slightly foggy with a white mist.

The town was quiet; the streets were strewn with the dead and dying. The enemy had left. All the inhabitants of the town and the town itself had been destroyed. Their mission had been a success!

Either crushed and suffocated by the shattered buildings, or poisoned by the deadly fumes of gas which pervaded every nook and cranny, hundreds upon hundreds had died. Many family groups had died together, struggling for life in each others embrace. But rarely could these groups be distinguished from the individuals, because so many had died that day that all one could see were great mounds of twisted bodies lying in every direction. They died in agony, contorted with pain.

Gently the white dust settled from the air and capped the ruined town with an ermine shroud. Slowly, noiselessly it sifted down through the shattered roofs, doorways and exposed cellars: covering everything with a blinding, searing dust, filling the air with transparent, noxious fumes. It groped its way down into the subways and tunnels of the town still ready to kill all living things in its path.

On the streets the warm breeze

playfully whipped little eddies of white dust around and formed banks like glistening dry snow against the buildings, coating the piles of rubble in ivory robes. The town was quiet--the inhabitants were dead!

Perhaps someday, others would come and rebuild the town, inhabiting it once more--but usually this did not happen. Out of fear all would avoid this scene of carnage, this place of death, and build their homes as far away as possible. Most would feel that a village, town, or city, once attacked, was likely to be so again if they rebuild it.

So now the town would stand as a memorial to those who died. The corpses would rot unburied where they lay, and in time the wind would remove the remains; it would disperse the white dust and eventually the town would decay, returning once more to the earth from which it came.

Somewhere, not too far away from the scene of violence, a meadow lark trilled to its mate. It suddenly stopped when two men walked by. One man reset the pressurized insecticide spray tank more firmly on his shoulder and snorted to his companion:

"DAMMED ANT HILLS!"



The Labrary

Librarian: John Love

Hours: Monday-Wednesday-Friday---- 8AM--4PM

Tuesday-Thursday 12:30PM--8PM

Services: All inmate subscriptions must be made through the librarian.

Reference: Should you want to know the meaning of a word, the height of a mountain, the depth of a lock, ect....ask the librarian and he can usually find out.

Inter-Library Loan: If we do not have a book on the shelf, it may be available at a local library, and we could obtain it for you.....





"TO SHARRON"

GREETINGS TO A FRIEND

Friendship is a golden chain,
Each link a lasting part;
They're held together one by one,
Like some great work of art....

I want to let you know,
How much your friendship means to me;
And that the chain shall grow...

Two links that hold the chain in place,
Are thoughtfulness and trust;
Then understanding welds the two,
Together as it must.....

The little things in life mean much,
When they're sincere and true;
That's why our friendship golden chain,
Will be forever new.....

Have you ever seen a sea
In early morn, a misty green,
Or strolled through tranquil woods
So still, so calm, so quiet serene...

And gazed in awe at families of goldenrod
In evening's ember
And counted by the thousands
Each and every member.....

Have you seen the eagle soar,
Or ocean's surf on breakers roar
And thrushes in majestic fir
In hemlock and the lofty pine,
Or looked beyond not caring;
For some can see,
And yet are blind.....

THE SPORTING SCENE

by/Skip Hewston
and
J. Hagan



On Thursday, Nov,25, the hockey fans got there second look at the First All Star and the Second All Star Teams in action. Again the game moved at a fast pace and the fans really enjoyed the action.

The big gun was John Cadeddu of the Second All Stars with three (3) goals and three (3) assists. There will be a rematch game on December,21. The two teams are now tied. The final score was 10 to 6 in favor of the Second All Stars.

The Main Stars:

- 1--Cadeddu
- 2--O'Connor
- 3--Power

TEAM LINE UP

FIRST ALL STARS.

MANAGER- BEECHENER

GOAL----- BROOKS

SAUVE

POWER

VINCENT

COLEMAN

IRWIN

PHILLIPS

BATZ

CAREFOOT

BANKS

MASSEY

HOWARD

RAMSEY--Coach.

SECOND ALL STARS

MANAGER--DUFFY

GOAL---- FRANKS

S. O'CONNOR

WHITE

GAGNON

NICHOLAS

CARRUTHERS

IZZARD

TOULOUSE

CHARBONNEAU

CADEDDU

P. HENRY

MINCHELLA

(Coach)
McCarthy

OFFICIALS:

CHEIF REF: NEWTON

REF: ATTACK

REF: KEHOE

GOAL JUDGES:

H. PHILLIPS

P. O'CONNOR

COMMISSIONER: R.J. PERKINS

ASST. COMI. J. HAGAN

(NOTE)"SKIP" HEWSTON HAS NOW GONE TO THE SPORTS COMMITTEE!!!!

THE PRIZES FOR THE ALL STAR PLAYERS AND THE DOOR PRIZE WAS A CAN OF PEANUTS THAT WERE AGAIN DONATED BY JOE DUBROY.

"SPORTS COMMITTEE"

Shortly after the Inmate Committee Election, a sports committee was appointed and the following inmates now classed as Sports Committee Members:

"Skip" Hewston: Chairman
Jim Nordhiem: Secretary
Bill Cole: Member

John Miller: Member
Barry Manwell: Member

In the past in Joyceville, there has been a lack of recreation and why, we do not have the answer for, but we hope that we will be able to set up enough recreation and tournaments for the entire inmate population, young and old, disabled, ect....

By doing this we need your co-operation and participation and to give us the Sports Committee a chance as we took on this job for you benefit.

There are tournaments in progress at this time and we are working on new proposals as there are a few holidays coming up during Christmas and New Years.

If you, the inmate population have any ideas pertaining to recreation, please do not hesitate to see one of the members or myself.

The Sports Committee is located in the Advance Office and I am there every night from 5:30 P.M. to 9:30 P.M. and would be pleased to hear any suggestions.

In closing, I would like to give a personal thanks to the above inmates for taking on the task of Sports Committee as I know from past experience it has it's ups and downs, believe me, mostly downs, but together we can beat it!!!!

I hope that Jim Perkins, Jack Hagan and A. Fayle keep up there marvelous jobs that they have been doing in the Floor Hockey and Darts.

Dwight "Skip" Hewston
For Sports Committee.

Cyclons Winner

The protest game between the Flyers and the Cyclons got underway over the weekend, with the Cyclons winning the game.

This was a replay of the last ten minutes. Early in the week these two teams played with the game in protest. The protest involved the mistake in one of the players from the Cyclons leaving the penalty box early from a two minute penalty during which time the Flyers scored a Goal. Each team at the time were tied 4 to 4.

The Flyers won the protest and it was decided to replay the last ten minutes while one player from each team in the penalty box.

It was a disaster----for the Flyers went down by a score 9 to 6 making the Cyclons the winner of the Semi-finals.....

A complete round-up of Floor Hockey will be in the next issue....

"NUMBER PUZZLE"

1	2	3	4	X	5	6	7	X	8	9	10	11
12				X	13			X	14			
15				X	16			17				
18			X	19				X	20			
X	X	21	22			X	23		24	X	X	X
25	26					27	X	28		29	30	31
32				X	33		34	X	35			
36				37	X	38		39				
X	X	X	40		41	X	42				X	X
43	44	45	X	46		47		X	48	49	50	
51			52					X	53			
54				X	55			X	56			
57				X	58			X	59			

"WIN A CARTON OF SMOKES"

IF YOU CAN CORRECTLY COMPLETE PUZZLE AND BE THE FIRST ONE TO HAND IT IN TO THE "ADVANCE", ---YOU WIN!!!!

SAMPLE PUZZLE ON NEXT PAGE: ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PUT THE RIGHT NUMBER IN THE RIGHT PLACE TO ADD UP THE TOTAL OF THE QUESTION.

"THINK IT'S EASY?--TRY IT!!!

(NUMBERS -0--TO--9--ONLY.)

SUBMIT TO THE ADVANCE---ANSWER NEXT ISSUE.
CONTEST CLOSSES JAN.1, 1977

"SAMPLE PUZZLE"

8	5	4	6
2	8	5	1
6	5	4	2
4	6	1	3

QUESTION.

DOWN

1---20
2---24
3---14
4---12

"ANSWER"

DOWN

1--8264
2--5856
3--4541
4--6123

ACROSS

1--8546
12--2851
15--5542
18--4613

ACROSS

1---23
12--16
15--17
18--14

QUESTIONS FOR NUMBER PUZZLE.

ACROSS

1---18
5---16
8---22
12---15
13---15
14---4
15---32
16---36
18---13
19---12
20---6
21---19
23---9
25---40
28---11
32---19
33---8
35---8
36---19

38---14
40---18
42---6
43---15
46---11
48---6
51---38
53---8
54---20
55---9
56---12
57---20
58---1
59---8

DOWN

1---25
2---17
3---38
4---12
5---32
6---17
7---16
8---7
9---18
10---16
11---17
17---9
19---23
22---30
24---11
25---8
26---20
27---4
29---19

30---8
31---5
34---6
37---14
39---6
41---20
43---20
44---20
45---20
47---10
49---9
50---9
52---15
53---7

DONT FORGET TO SIGN YOUR NAME!!!!

"PILOT PROJECT"

(INDUSTRIES)

"OPENING CEREMONIES"

In the life of every man, and in the history of every institution there are highlights, and one such highlight for Joyceville and its people, was the opening ceremonies for the Pilot Project. It will long remain in the memory of all who were part of it.

The Pilot Project has been talked about for a long time, and there were, and still are, many who doubted that it would ever become a reality, but after last Friday, the last "Doubting Thomas" must surely change his mind. The progressive programme that the "Pilot Project" represents is here to stay, and who knows at some other time and place, you may be glad you helped launch the programme in Joyceville.

There are many in the Institution population that did not have the opportunity to actively take part in the "Opening", but these people are assisting, by carrying on the normal routines of Joyceville, so that the "Pilot Project" and its employees can operate, and Management is grateful to these people.

The words "Team Work" and "Co-operation" are sometimes badly overworked, but on Friday, "Opening Day", the teamwork of those actually doing the programme was just a joy to behold, for Staff and Inmates did a fine first class job, working together.

The Inmate Committee deserves a special word of congratulations for the manner in which they generated ideas, planned and made the plans work for the betterment of the "Opening Day Ceremonies". All who participated did their parts well and can be proud of the part they played.

The visitors were impressed with the buildings and machinery that is the Pilot, and they were equally as impressed with the quality of workmanship that went into the manufactured products that were on display. The best and surest way of making an impression on the public, is to show them and that was done admirably during the "Opening Ceremonies".

Management of the "Pilot" and the Administration of Joyceville were very pleased that the invited guests, Pilot employees, guides, etc., could freely mingle and have amicable dialogue with no tension or disturbance, and that all could enjoy a cup of coffee together, while exchanging views and ideas. Most commendable.

Since the start up of the "Pilot", there have been a great many successful "Firsts", for the C.P.S. system, the employees selection process, the acceptance of the whole idea by the general population, the actual paying of people for their efforts, the establishment of a regular working day, the opening ceremonies etc., and there are many more ahead yet, if they are worked for. The "Pilot" is off and running and by your full co-operation, honest effort and understanding by all involved, the rough waters ahead can be safely negotiated.

C.B. Sanderson
Assistant Director (Industries)

WHY WE SHOULD HAVE DAILY NEWSPAPERS

by. n.p.

} LEADING newspapers is one of the most practical ways today of acquiring knowledge.

[EDITORS of daily newspapers present materials for all types and classes of readers. All of us will find something of benefit.

[EDITORIAL policies are such that we will be enabled to acquire views on current events held by society as a whole.

] DAILY newspapers contain more than news. They often contain articles and advertisement of interest to students and tradesmen.

] UNIVERSITY Extension Courses made available for the men in this institution often refer the student to daily newspapers.

(CAN re-education be complete, or can it even be started in most cases, when a man is unaware of current events throughout the country?

] MAN'S ability to acquire the views and norms of the community group rests, to a considerable extent, on the knowledge of these views.

] HE accepted standards of behaviour vary year to year in Canada. To what extent is the "10-year" man aware of these changes upon release?

] INSPIRATION may be found in articles published in daily newspapers pertaining to vocational goals.

(OCCUPATIONS, to many of us, have been vaguely viewed as merely a form of labour. Newspapers often portray a different light on occupation.

] EWS published in the daily newspaper might serve as a topic of conversation whereas now many topics of conversation are based on rumour and memories--on facts and incidents of years gone by.

SEASONS

GRREETING



"In an age when man's effort is being directed to reaching for the stars, Christmas is a reminder that a Star has reached down to man".

The meaning of Christmas lies at the heart of that statement. It says that our effort, like so many of the space probes, is taking on an infinite dimension, if we think we can reach out and find God. No need. Christmas is the anniversary of God making the first move. The joy and peace of Christmas is the realization that He's a part of common and ordinary life.... Yes, even here, within each of us, or He's nowhere.

We of the "ADVANCE" wish you, your Families and Friends, a Blessed Christmas and Happy New Year, of both Inmates and Staff.

Bruce Beechener
&
Nicholas Padula

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

(or please pass the ear muffs)

Twas the night before Christmas and all through the joint,
Everyone was yelling and arguing the point;
The radio was blasting and the static was hell,
And the con up above me was pacing his cell.
Two others were singing and beating the floor,
And a guy down below a-yelling for more;
Sing it again yelled a fellow in nine,
Give us a chorus of "Sweet Adeline,"
Then the fellow next door hammered hard on his bed,
And it felt like a bomb would explode in my head;
Who said "peace on earth", told a hell of a tale,
For I know he has never spent Christmas in jail.
"Let us rattle the bars", shouted someone in three,
And I muttered, "Oh Lord have some mercy on me!"
I prayed for five minutes of quiet and bliss,
Then I cursed that the judge hadn't told me of this!
"Listen you dope! screamed the fellow in four,
" Stop throwing those orange peels in front of my door!
The crunching of peanuts--the cracking of shells,
The rattle of paper throughout all the cells;
" My bags pretty big", said the guy down on one,
And a wise-acre answered, "You married her, son!"
A musical ape played a tune on his ~~hink~~,
And somebody hollered out, " Give it a drink!"
I stood on my feet and I started to pace,
And I thought about home and the old fire place;
And how Santa Claus would come in the night,
And fill all the stockings with things of delight.
Then all of a sudden a light seemed to blink,
And I got an idea as quick as a wink;
Did I hang up my stockings outside of the door,
Like I did as a child in the old days of yore?
Ah No! But I took those old stockings instead,
And craftily pulled both over my head;
Thus blocking my ears till I heard not a peep,
Then slowly and surely, I drifted to sleep.

II

Toni had a nice job as jobs went. His boss was a computer that chuckled away in its alcove. Chuckling over its relatively-easy job too. Counting cosmic particles as they came clicking into the moon area from outer space. So far away sources as pin-pricks in the great night of space that no one knew exactly what they were, except the rather amorphous word "stars" and "galaxies" used when the point of light was divined to be more than one star. Even though it looked just the same as a single star a "mere" few light years away, it was millions of light years away and looked like a star, so it had to be much much more. Something like that. It was logical, but it didn't tell you much more than :Big. It's big,man. God, that space sea was big.

Toni poured himself a coffee and cursorily glanced at the tapes the "boss" computer was chuckling over. They were always pretty well the same. A standard shower of particles for this time of year. Only when there was "sun spots" in the local star did the shower increase. Heavy Beta particles, stripped Helium nuclei. The intense heat of the star boiling off the electrons. The stream of electrons coming in at the North Pole to cause the aurora borealis on Earth. Earth. The Forbidden Territory to him... Oh well, back to the tapes.

A funny rise for this time of year appeared in the star scan and he checked the area being scanned at the time. Azimuth and Declination coordinates on the star chart disclosed no star in that sector, but...(and here he had a jolt!)...there was a strange possibility...those digs on Mars right now...He checked the charts and found that Mars was in the required position at this time of year. His heart skipped a beat. Cosmic particles coming from Mars? Unheard of! Mars wasn't a radiator of sufficient magnitude

to produce Beta particles like that! He called the Coordinator on the phone.

"Jack, Toni here! Listen, maybe "The Boss" is acting up! You'd better come over! I'm getting readings from Mars...yes, Mars.. weird? .yes, too weird to be real as far as I'm concerned!"

When he hung up he went to look at the tapes again and checked back on the viewer. There were blips for the last 24 hours. Bursts which far exceeded the background radiation. He tried to recall where he had heard about this, and then he remembered the professor in the university talking about signs when a star was beginning to go nova. Nova! But that was impossible. Mars was a dead planet. Or was it? The bursts of radiation argued differently, if it wasn't a machine error.

He thought about the structures of the Boss. Miles of circuits. Leads all over the surface of the moon. 20 storeys of memory, deep in the ground. Served by more technicians than any king or queen of earth had ever had. Respectful technicians. The Boss was the largest computer known to mankind. A joint venture of many nations with input into Astronomy and Space Science. The number of analogs, inputs and output printers connected up to The Boss was astronomical itself, both on the moon and on earth. The tight channel microwave networks were humming day and night as the receivers on the surface transmitted to The Boss for translation and concentration so that multi-layered data messages could be sent in bursts to earth computer-receivers. Who would in turn unscramble the coded blocks of information and print out data sheets for the thousands of scientists keeping tab on the Sky Tab on the Moon plus all the satellite feeders.

NOTICE...SIGNALS FROM MARS...BETA BURSTS IN RANGE 0.1 mm to 0.2 mm, RECORDED ON BOSS IN 23 MINUTE INTERVALS FOR LAST 23.16 hours...ADVISE SIGNIFICANCE AND COORDINATE WITH SEARCH

PARTY ON MARS...CENTRAL COMPUTATIONS DIVISION MAP AND PLOT TO ASCERTAIN IF SIGNALS ARE TRUE...OVER...

The advice went out all over the place and all hell broke loose. The dining room was quiet at noon hour so the telecast from Mars could be viewed. The announcers there sounded hysterical.

"Ladies and gentlemen! The scientists are baffled! According to the Boss Computer System in this space, a new source of radiation has begun, and it is located somewhere on Mars!" The TV cameras panned the familiar endless rows of "coffins" (never once called this, always "time capsules.") "As you can see, ladies and gentlemen, things are pretty well the same here!"

Things were not the same, but the tight group of scientists conferring away from the cameras and newsmen weren't saying so as yet.

"It puzzles me how anything could be happening to those bodies at all!" snapped Dr. Thurston. He was balding and wore very heavy spectacles and there were a few beads of sweat on the bald spots which shone irridesciently in the bluish light of the spectrograph.

"Not much is!" insisted Dr. Altamore. "Just because the counters record an increase in radioactivity..."

"Not much to you, perhaps!" Professor Goodwin remarked drily, "But as far as I'm concerned, it shouldn't be happening at all! The energy level of dead bodies should be going down not up!"

It was a tired argument. Dr. Thurston agreed with Professor Goodwin that nothing should be happening, but he was too good a scientist to allow this "theory" to over-ride observation. He caught up the point, "But it is..."

Dr. Altamore completed the familiar chorus: "...And I don't think we should say that these bodies are dead..."

"Not dead?" Dr. Thurston said, puzzled, "But what else can we say?"

Dr. Morton spoke for the first time. "Well, I'm a doctor of medicine gentlemen, and it is a familiar dictum to you I suppose that we do not actually pretend to pronounce people dead. We merely use this expression when we can no longer detect signs of life!"

"Nit picking!" scoffed Dr. Thurston.

"Not at all!" Dr. Morton said scathingly, "The clear decision on whether it's alive depends on measureables, but when we say it isn't we are truly confessing only that we can't measure what's happening. We can't say, and physics implicitly supports us, that "nothing is happening" at all! A state of change has set in..."

"Yes, the corpses rot!" Dr. Thurston said.

"Our common parlance!" begged Dr. Morton, "And these aren't!" he retorted

"And the change seems to be upward in terms of life activity!" said Dr. Altamore.

"You're saying that life processes are radioactive?" asked Dr. Thurston.

"Well, energy." Dr. Altamore said lamely.

It was time for lunch.

III


Dr. Thurston was puzzled. He walked down between the rows of time capsules in the "endless" room which had finally been measured to be five miles long and three miles wide. He had the definite impression that the scientific crew was presuming too much from the simplicity of the situation. There didn't seem to be a single bit of extraneous equipment in the huge chamber.

The count on the time capsules disclosed that there were exactly 2,090,880 time capsules, with 200 square feet of floor space allocated for each one. This fantastic number of time capsules, each one containing an adult body in perfect condition, suggested to the scientific group that an entire city population was in suspended animation in the underground chamber. At least this was one way of thinking of it, even though the "city" was not to be found on the surface. This also raised the question if it was to be found under the surface. Just because the cities of the Earth were on the surface, on Mars it seemed likely that with the disappearance of the atmosphere any cities which had existed on the surface would be moved underground. If there had been time to do so. This in turn suggested that the atmosphere would have become vitiated slowly enough to permit the transformation. That atmosphere slowly leaked out of the atmospheric envelope at a determinable rate which lasted perhaps a thousand years. The end would come swiftly of course, when the pressure inside the envelope could no longer resist the comparative vacuum of outer space. Collapse would be within seconds. A cataclysm that would vitrify any remaining life, plant or animal, reducing it to dust in a twinkling!

It wasn't this point that particularly puzzled Dr. Thurston. When he was walking down the rows he had the feeling of movement in the chamber. This made him glance behind his shoulder a couple of times and he felt foolish, as if he was a child listening to ghost stories, fearful of every creak in the stairs. But his scientific mind still told him that it had to be something. If the child knew the facts of structural stress and temperature changes the child wouldn't be fearful of creaking stairs either. At the moment he couldn't put his

finger on what it was that made him somewhat fearful. Following the analogy of the child though, he reasoned that it had to be some real thing happening for which he had no explanation in his education to date. This worried him, not because the scientist doesn't welcome the unknown in his studies, but because it was alarming to be so baffled for clues. He went over to one of the time capsules and stared a long time at one of the bodies. The serene countenance and the orderly arrangement of the limbs...the orderly arrangement of the limbs!' ...this thought send him scurrying around looking quickly at the orientation of the limbs of the other adults. Not everyone was precisely the same. This was natural enough. What he wondered though was whether he had made a subconscious observation that there had been some shift in aspect in the bodies he had studied. He couldn't prove it by mere personal opinion. What he needed was some survey equipment able to scan objects with such exactitude that even if the subjects adjusted themselves as closely as any eye could detect, still the micromasurements collimated in the computer would disclose movement. It froze his mind for a moment to consider the implication of his conjecture. He couldn't afford to say a thing until he had tested his hunch. The most unexpected turn of events(if true!) that bodies in what most of the other members of the expedition considered a "cemetery" were moving about in some manner that was undetectable...(not that they were always watching them of course!) ...But why did "they" wish to fool them into thinking they were not moving?(if true!)...He went up the stairs to ground level to see if he could get the loan of a photographic dolly.

(To Be Continued)



GOODBYE

FRIEND

BRUCE BEECHENER has left by the way of the Montgomery Center Half-Way House on December, 13, 1976.

I for one would like to say that it has been a pleasure to know and work with Bruce.

He has been involved in many activities around Joyceville and has contributed much to the Inmates in his endeavours to make life more bearable for us while serving our time.

We will miss you Bruce, and may we wish you much success in what-ever you do and hope that your future will remain bright always.

"Nick"

Editor: Advance.

FROM: "EDITOR"

ADVANCE

Box-880

KINGSTON-ONT

K7L-4X9

MAIL TO:

Dorothy Chuun

Centre of Crim. Library
Room 801

130 ST. George, ST

Toronto, ONT

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY
LIBRARY

JAN 17 '72

